

Penny

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19031-06

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APR 02 2014
GCAGC
ADMINISTRATION



Peggy Strickland

New Braunfels, TX

78130

GOVERNMENT
EXHIBIT

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325 Days a P.O.

Dear Mom:

Hi - Didn't see you Tuesday. Hope you are feeling OK. I forgot when you told me your operation is going to be. Hope that goes well. Hope Ray is well.

I'm doing OK I guess. I really appreciate that \$75 you sent. Being able to order commissary really helps. I sincerely feel bad for those who have nothing. I'm only spending \$10 to \$15 a week - so I'll make the \$75 stretch as long as possible.

IF I would have been booked in this facility back in May 2013 rather than Atascosa I would have been able to put \$2,500 onto my account with my debit/check card at booking. To bad the leeching government has since stolen my money! The bastards!! Patience is frustrating at times! ~~in~~

I can't wait to get to my permanent facility and get settled in so that I may begin the completion of my book. My only way to make any money. In prison I'm told everyone has a "hustle". Something they are good at they can do for other inmates to make money. Well, carry items for bartering. Stamps being the ~~same~~ currency of choice.

For example: an inmate may "cheat" his meds to sell to others. One pill gets two stamps. He then takes those stamps and buys a soda with them from another inmate. Or, a kitchen worker may hide in his pockets food items to be brought into the living area to barter for whatever.

Not all "hustles", however, have to be illegal or violate facility rules or regulations. For example: I'm told those who can type and write can use their skills/ability to type letters, help write legal documents... etc. So maybe I will have this going for me? It's at least something.

Thursday, March 27, 2014 - 1615 hours - GCADC/E-13 - 326 Days a P.O.!

My apologies for the coffee spill! ~~(in)~~ By the light colored nature of the stains I'm sure you can surmise it was a weak cup...

I'm going to submit a grievance tonight on a Detention Officer. Don't have his name at the moment. I'll get it when he walks by again. This morning was disgustingly unprofessional appearing and acting. DO - it appeared to me - was trying to ~~instigate~~ instigate some kind of verbal/physical altercation with me during lift change.

The DO's name is Kunde - he just walked by my cell. Their last names are embroidered into their shirts above the right chest. The man is tall - over 6 feet - obese and about mid 50s I would guesstimate. My first run-in with him was just after an attorney visit on Feb 7, 2014. He stripped searched me after my attorney left. The disgusting man stood there eating slopily cashews, breathing noisily while watching me.

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I laughed - well, chuckled a bit, looked him in the eyes and said, "Yo ke this don't you!" The man didn't reply and I remained voiceless as I got dressed. I was escorted back to my cell without incident.

This morning at Shift Change DO Kunde, without any warning or instruction - not saying a word - walked into my cell as I stood at the door with my arm extended allowing him to see my wrist band. He just kept coming as I backed up. He pushed me (not physically but by his advancing presence) to the back of my cell. Our stomachs nearly touching. I already had it in my mind that if he touched me or put his hands on me I was going to hurt him. I had just woke..

I Couldn't go back any further and he stops only inches from me. Towering over me. He then pushes my cold water button and turns around and walks out. I didn't say anything but I truly felt threatened by his actions. He encroached into my personal space needlessly as if attempting to instigate some kind of ~~interaction~~ altercation. That's the honest impression I got whether this was his intent or not, DO Kunde should be more careful.

~~Friday: March 28, 2014 - 1700 hrs, Approx - GCADC/E-13 - 327 days a P.O.W.!~~

Don't really feel like writing today. Perhaps later... Nope -

~~Saturday: March 29, 2014 - 1400 hrs, Approx - GCADC/E-13/PC - 328 days a POW!~~

Nothing to do - Just wake. Have an asshole for a guard today. Don't know his name. No name tag. Don't really matter though. He doesn't do anything privable - just he is angry and quick tempered all the time. Very mean.

The guy who gets the USA Today Caught Chain (sent to prison) so my regular routine of reading the paper upon waking is broke. It will take couple days to find a new routine. And ~~no~~ I'm not mentioning the paper as some kind of reminder that I'd like a perscription to the ~~NY~~ New York Times - USA Today. So please do not take it as so. Simply writing what's on my mind. I've thrown away countless pages of writing to you out of fear the words I write may upset or anger you.

When I was writing in pencil I would simply erase the words. Now that I have to write in Pen - well, a small reason I do not write as much. Hell - I'm already to the point now where I don't feel like writing more today... I hate the messy look of scratched out words in Pen!

I added a new prayer to my nightly routine. Though, I don't even know why I'm still praying! Makes no damn bit of difference!

Talking to some ~~imaginary~~ imaginary human concotion as if my words are really reaching some "God" out there in the "heavens". And He/It/She is really listening! Lol!! But anyway - I still pray my nightly prayers like every other brainwashed Tool of our primitive species.

I really do pray the prayer in that 18 page letter - by the way, have you mailed this letter and my support group idea to my attorney? Will you PLEASE do so if you have not? It would be greatly appreciated.

The new prayer goes like this: "Lord, please help everyone/everything incarcerated within this world and beyond. Please give every inmate/prisoner/capti the gift of: Empathy, compassion, patience, understanding, open minds, acceptance and kindness. Please give these same virtues to their guards and/or captor. Please strike down those inmates/prisoners/captives and guards/captors who deserve it."

Thats it - I added this a few months back while in Atascosa. I tried to trade my life for another's last week. This just turned 18yo who looks no more than 14 (as if he should be in juvenile) was housed next to me according to him and all who knew him he had trouble with other inmates everywhere he went. After a day in with us I knew why!

He was extremely loud and overly immature. He was eager to make "Friends" and fit in and be accepted. So much so it was easy (for anyone who wished to do so) ~~to~~ to take advantage of his gullability. He had no one to send him money so he begged for commissary and food items. A big no-no on the inside! Never appear to be desperate and never beg! It only paints a target on your back.

He would take the elastic thread from his socks and make a long line with a soap tied to the end. He would slide the soap in other's cells with a hand written message on the soap wrapper. It said, "FOOD PLEASE".

Unbeknownst only to him, however, someone changed "FOOD PLEASE" to "Cock Please"! Lol!! We all got a good laugh at his ~~expense~~ expense. The kid got flaming mad when I told him to change his soap or erase the message on his soap. It was hard to feel sympathy for him given his ^(spelling) obnoxious behavior that disturbed and disrespected the entire dorm.

But I did feel bad for him. He shouldn't have been in jail and shouldn't be going to prison. He was waiting for Chain. Meaning waiting to be picked up by prison officials.

That he was and is - in my humble opinion - is an obvious failure in the "system". Sure, we are all responsible for our own action and jail and prison is a consequence for that of which society has

seemed so. But our jails and prisons will not help this kid. He will come out of his sentence a better, ^{criminal} meaner and angrier citizen. He will, mark my words, end up going down for a long stretch one year.

I tried helping him. Tried explaining how to act. Not to continuously disrespect those around him. I wrote him a two page letter ("kete") offering advice, tips and ideas how he could have a better, ~~friendlier~~ friendlier looked-up experience.

He seemed to respond well. He just ~~stopped~~ stopped acting a fool - started acting a little older and mature. I moderately gave him some commissary and food items. Not as a reward or bribe in anyway - but rather out of empathy and knowing how much it sucks to have nothing and be hungry.

I would get angry with him when he acted up. But he was cuter than hell and it was hard to stay mad at him for very long. He wanted to fit in. He wanted to get along and be accepted by other inmates. It's just no one never told him how to go about doing this. Which meant only time and experience would be his mentors. And he had plenty of the former and zero of the latter. A horrible combination surely on the path to disaster. At least he appeared to want to change by taking my words to heart and trying. Shit - even the guards fucked with him. He fired back at them, though. This facility has some true "professionals"... NOT!!

One night he told me - just out of the blue - the scar on his head was from ~~my~~ ^(speaking) cigarette burns his Foster Family was responsible for. He told me he was adopted. Never really had any family. I listened... he talked and I all heard him. Things made a little more sense. I think he needed to talk...

That night during my nightly prayers I prayed for him. I asked whatever is out there, if anything at all, probably nothing, to help him. I then got pissed at "God" and cursed him/her/it. I offered my life for his. I told "God" to take my life and sell it to the devil for this kid's salvation, sake and a good, honest and decent future. And I really fucking meant it.

My life is over - I don't want to live. I'm willing to trade ~~my~~ my life for his. Someone who wants to live and still has a chance at making it in life. Why can't I die for him? Why?!?! "Jesus" allegedly died for all of us so why can't those of us who want to die do so for those of us who want to live and need a break - a second chance? It's bullshit! And I'm calling "God" out on this! But He/She/It will not answer in reply...

Why can't I take Casey's brain tumor? He wants to live. Has everything to live for: born "normal", wife and beautiful children. Successful AFD Lieutenant. I want to die - have nothing to live for but will die of old age! TO HELL with you "God" for not letting me die for them!!!!!!

NO, JS - I'm not suicidal! So to Hell also with your oppressive and censoring snootishness! Oh - and let me rephrase my words about DO Kunde. I meant to depend my self - not intentionally hurt him.

Sunday: March 30, 2014 - 1245 hrs, Approx. - SCADL/E-13/PC - 329 Days a POW!

I had a dream last night I got a cake in the mail! Baked inside was a Digital printed pistol and a toggle polymer hand cuff key! LOL!! Ha! Ha! Of course such things happen only in Fantasy, Fairtale land.

I wasn't really any happier last year this time as compared to today. However I was free, could drink, could take photos, could write, could publish articles and photos for a relative large "fan-club" and audience. I was still lonely as hell!

(speaking) March 30, 2013, I was in one of the many "safe-houses" of Sheikh (Prin) Soleiman. A member of the Royal Omani Family and Commander of a special unit (one of a couple) whose job it was to provide direct protection and security for Sultan Qaboos. The King of Oman.

I know how all this sounds - what is me, a nobody, doing mingling with Royal Family members and Commanders of the King's Personal Protection Unit. But believe me - it matters none to me. I don't really care. What have I to prove now? Not a damn thing! But it's all true...

Google "Oman Crossing" maybe add an "s" on the end. You should come across a round logo with a wolf in the middle. Sheikh Soleiman's son was/is the owner of this desert-dune bashing adventure tour company based out of Muscat, Oman. I believed my name still may be tagged on their Facebook Photo

Louie went into partnership with Oman Crossing. Totally revamped the company logo, media relations, public relations - everything! Even had merchandise: shirts, hats, cups/mugs, keychains... ect, made to sell online. As a result of this "re-branding" Oman Crossing, the company, started to receive profits for the first time in years. Profit never really mattered though given it was a tribal faction of ^{me} King who owned the company. The new young son who took over management, though, wanted to make a name for himself as a good business-man and sought to make Oman Crossing a good, profitable company. It was really Louie's advice and counsel that turned the company

In fact, it was this twenty something year old low, really low ranking prince who picked me up at the airport back in September of 2012. I flew in on a Thursday - weekends in the middle east are either Thurs-Fri or Fri-Sat - depending on what country you are in. Nationally and officially Oman's weekends today are Thurs-Fri. Changed from Fri-Sat to be ~~in line~~ in line with Kuwait's weekend for business and professional reasons. Changed last year

I was picked up at the air port by the Owner of Oman Crossing at the request of Louai. As I was ~~detected~~ boarding my flight on Ethiad Airlines out of Chicago, Oman Crossing was hosting its First desert outing - the season under ~~new~~ the new changes implemented by Louai. Louai and about 100 other people were in convoy with their 4x4 vehicles driving literally hundreds of kilometers into the Omani Desert. True it is in the "Stricks" Desert wilderness. (Google: "Al Maktan muscat")

After being picked up I was driven to Al Maktan - a Sheesha Smoke house where I was introduced to an Indian national. Like most Middle East SCC countries Oman is full of Indians, ~~the~~ Filipinos and citizens from their South East Asian countries. The Indian I met was an ~~engineer~~ ^(geologist) engineer of some sort and had a 4x4 Land Rover and wanted to go on this Oman Crossing trip. He couldn't make the initial Convoy and said he would wait for me and drive me to ~~the~~ a meeting spot ~~pre-set~~ set by Louai near the last paved road before heading off into the dunes.

Four hours after landing I was hugging Louai in our first meeting in two years. Back in 2010 I flew into Oman for a week's R&R from Afghanistan to be with him and his wife. An ok trip...

Monday: March 31, 2014 - 13 hrs, Approx - GCADC/E-13/PC - 330 days a P.O.W.!

Got real upset and frustrated and angry yesterday and didn't have it in me to finish that story. Still am! Still don't!

Long story short (Hell I don't even recall the point): Oh - I was telling what I was doing on my 38th B-day - March 30, 2013.

I met Sheikh Saleman three different times. I gave him my resume on the behalf of Louai. Had drinks with him inside a Bulgarian controlled bar/Italian restaurant. It was here that he invited me to play darts at his "home" with Louai and Tony - my Lebanese friend.

It was March 30 when the dart playing was called. Spent an hour being led in circles by one of the Sheikh's men around some nice neighborhood. We weren't really supposed to know where this house was. I couldn't find it again if my life depended on it.

The Sheikh and one of his friends were there to ~~meet~~ greet us. A large wall was filled with expensive liquors and the finest cigars were offered our free pick of anything the entire night. I drank Chivas Whisky and smoked Churchill Petite Cuban cigars.

Played darts - lost all but one game. Then was forced to

eat some traditional Omani Arab ¹¹⁵snack'. Forced only because it would have been offensive to not eat at least one. Nasty as Fuck! Still makes me gag!

A goat had been killed for a BBQ - But most was eaten raw. The liver was cut up into large almond sized pieces (raw) and wrapped in raw pieces of the goat's large intestine. Cleaned of course first. So there in front of me sat raw liver wrapped in raw goat ass - still bloody! Slimy as hell... I could of sworn a few pieces moved!

I popped one in my mouth following everyone's lead. Chewed. Nearly threw up. Gag reflex... Bloody, nasty goat ass all raw and slimy. The liver nothing but a raw blood pellet... I swallowed whole the entire thing and quickly chased it down with a very large gulp of Chivas the stoked my cigar over and over trying to let the Cuban tobacco smother the deathly raw taste of raw liver and raw goat ass in my mouth!

I still suffer from monstrous raw goat-butt wrapped in raw goat liver night terrors! LOL!!! I've eaten a lot of nasty things in my time - but this took the cake. Taste wise I mean!

Then all of a sudden the front door opened and in walk two girls. Not children - but teens at the youngest, young adults at the oldest. It was clear what the girls were there for. My heart sank. ~~I knew this would be my undoing.~~ I've never liked (been sexually attracted to females) and would be looked at suspiciously for turning down a companion's attention. But it all worked out.

The Sheikh and his friend were in their 50's. Louai was 45. Tony probably early 60's. Other than the girls I was the youngest at 38. In the Arab world there is no overtly show of affection in any public forum between men and woman. Not so between men and other men, however.

So the girls and all us men kept an arms length distance at all times. There is no kissing or sitting on the laps like you would see in America. Guys of all ages, however, openly play-flirt-out of jokes and by way of cultural female isolation. How non gay inmates in prison will engage in ~~sex~~ homosexual acts due to a lack of females to simply feel good - so to do Arab/Muslim men and boys due to strict Islamic laws governing women. Teens do not date. Marriages are usually set way in advance by parents of different tribes.

Although not gay at all - men and youth will play around and engage in ~~sex~~ homosexual acts - as there are no females available. It's culturally accepted and is looked at as normal. As long as there is no forced rape - all is good! ~~Though an~~ Though an outsider, an introvert, and then ~~an~~ American, I could only admire

and wish and hope from afar until I got to know/mingle with/
 not be accepted by whomever I was around. Americans are always suspect!

In a group of men and youth (ages say from 15 to 17 and up) ^{perhaps} a little younger, all of a sudden two would get up and walk into another room. Maybe three or four would walk into the next room. Sometimes holding hands. All at night and no one acted as if this was abnormal.

My dumb-ass, it took me a while to figure out what was up, and ~~one~~ day I simply asked, "What are they going to do in there?" This guy laughed and shyly ~~motioned~~ motioned with his hand as if steering back and forth quickly a car's steering wheel. Which meant to fool around sexually... Damn, I thought to myself - how can I be invited into one of those rooms - Hell - how can I initiate the invite?

As a non muslim I couldn't invite. But I could be invited. I wish to my evil "God" I would have been born into Islam anywhere in the middle East!!! To hell with all you culturally isolated, holier-than-thou, your way is the only way, closed minded oppressive Americans! ~~LOL!!!~~ I just started to be invited before extradition! ~~LOL!!!~~

And part of my great frustration is how in our country I can be normal and culturally accepted and happy but in another, I can get ^{life} in prison! ~~I do not think I am evil and vile~~

And I'm very hesitant to write about such things because of the extremely very narrow minds and geographical, and cultural isolation of 99.9% of Americans. I was totally 100% immersed into an Arab muslim culture and society. I was treated with the utmost respect and courtesy. No one wanted to kidnap me and cut my head off. There are no suicide bombers. No anti American protests or propaganda of any kind. But if I would have stepped out of line against any cultural/islamic law or custom I would have had hell to pay! I was extremely uncomfortable amongst them. Arab culture and Islam is not like what our news says.

And I worry about my words being taken out of context and twisted and used by dumb-ass, ignorant fellow Americans against Islam and arab cultures. Even fellow Arab/muslim inmates treated me with respect and care! It was all extremely humbling! And now I feel bad for hating Islam.

^(spoiling) I AM NOT that evil, vile monster I have been made out to be by prosecutors! = I was born how I was born! And with no support or guidance or anything or anywhere I could turn to for help/understanding... Well - it doesn't matter anymore. Nothing does... Hopefully ~~he~~ ~~will~~ ~~be~~ ~~soon~~ ~~in~~ ~~some~~ ~~way~~ and be set free from you all...

In Sha-la - God willing! Oh - as we left the Sheikh's "home" he

and his friend disappeared into different rooms with a girl each... I never saw him again... Though, Loni and Tony reached out to him to have me released from custody. But by this time it had all gotten too political with the U.S. Government involved. I wasn't worth an international incident. If only I would have had a treasure-trove of U.S. Government secrets... just not fair! Lol.

I may have a name/title for my non-fiction book about my travels and "adventures" overseas as a Private Military Contractor (PMC) spanning in excess of 13 years. "Saudades"! Hell- I don't even know how to pronounce it! Oh-well!

Not sure if it's a good-well fitting title for a book. ~~But~~ The word is Portuguese: Saudades - a longing in the heart for something once cherished that's lost but not forgotten. An aching feeling of incompleteness, as if something essential is missing or a dream unfulfilled.

Fits a description of my entire life from as early as I can remember!

Tuesday: April 1, 2014 - 1450 hrs, Approx. - SCADC/E-13/PC - 331 days a POW!

Got that book you sent me late last night! :) It couldn't have come at a better time. I've been feeling very frustrated, depressed and angry of late. The book really helped! Kommoi Tata! Thanks a bunch!! Shookran! Havalu! Gracias

I'm so sick and tired of this damn jail! I can't understand why/how here there are so many intentionally mean and ass-hole guards while so few in Atascosa. You never read my complaints from me about Atascosa! I don't understand!

There should be a state wide program where County Jailors could volunteer for an exchange of work place with another jailor from a different county, say for a week or even a month given the status (single-married-school) of the respective detention officers.

A Jailor from a very rural county with a small jail would get/have the experience of a large urban county with a huge jail. And vice versa for the urban large county jail jailor. This would be a good idea in my humble opinion, and would/could possibly lead to an overall safer and more secure facility from both an inmate's and jailor's perspective.

I don't see how I'm going to be able to do another 12 months in here without getting into some kind of trouble. I don't want trouble - of course not! I'm trying... really trying. I should be all right, though. Maybe I need meds?

PEN PALS?

Was talking to a guy in here last week (since comfort chain) who was telling me about web-sites set up that list people who would like to become Pen

Pals with inmates (prison or jail). He told me there were all kinds of men and women seeking inmate Pen Pals. Men seeking men, men seeking women, women seeking men, women seeking women.

If you can - and it's not a problem or too difficult - can you find one of these websites? Of course, as you know, I'm interested in the men seeking men. Could you leave my name and address there - or, copy name and address and send it to me? Of course only if you feel comfortable doing so.

The guy who told me about this site(s) said he found his wife his way. Ha! Ha!

I just got a second book (Even the terrible) and your B-day card! Thanks again! The book seems really interesting. It was good seeing you! Thanks for coming. Hope it's not ever too much trouble.

I added Ray to my visit list as you requested.

And I really appreciate the \$100 you put into my account today! I'm damn near out of hygiene (Shampoo/Deodorant) and will get some new items next Commissary day.

Thanks For everything!



Love you!

Miss you!

Thank you!!!

Your son,

Shilo